

he opens each book and scribbles in large letters  
all over the front free endpaper expressions like  
GRABHORN PRESS LIMITED EDITION! FIRST BRITISH EDITION  
FIRST ISSUE WITH CONTENTS LATER SUPPRESSED  
and lies about the condition they are all FINE FINE FINE  
SUPERB IN THE ORIGINAL GLASSINE and so on  
then he slams the book to the floor  
or the top of the pile he's working on  
in such a way as to leave no doubt about the size  
of his scorn for the whole world of the intellect  
he loves to dole out usually derogatory stories  
about the authors of the books he holds to his boys  
or those few people that come to see him  
he spends hundreds a month calling libraries  
who say they will send people out but do not  
and next day more packages arrive from his scouts  
all over the U.S. as well as Europe South Africa Australia  
also Japan which he says he enjoys visiting  
always he complains about prices but always signs the checks  
then time for more cigarets and/or coffee  
more telephone calls and sometimes  
he walks in the gardens afternoons too  
fishing out one of his stashed gin bottles  
consulting workmen who are remodelling or tradesmen  
who bring things for which there is no black market  
then back to the phone and more pacing about  
he believes his caretaker steals books from him too  
also food though the man is steadfast  
he loves flowers and plants but seems to  
despise trees and has many of his own cut down  
he is sixty years old and sometimes looks it  
he is tough though and has a grip of iron  
he works harder than most men ever dream of  
reading catalogs writing letters cajoling by phone  
driving himself through twenty-hour days or more  
he lusts for the young men that work for him  
but complains about the pittance he pays them  
and tells stupid dirty jokes for cover

-- Sandy Dorbin

Flagstaff, AZ

Body naked  
Curled over the  
Camp fire for  
Warmth. Trees  
Shadows there a  
Round midnight  
Dark moon  
Legs tucked curled  
Neck back  
Please turn around  
I want to see the  
Fire on your tits